

May Be in Error.

"Yes, and from his ignorance and his fail-

ure to take his father up, I think the bey

'What's up?" exclaimed another voice.

fact, the father exhibits his own ignor-

"You didn't, eh? Well, read The Star, as

father says he was lieutenant general and

commander of the United States army, hav-ing been commissioned July 3, 1797. Now, the boy should have told him that the Pres-

ident, under the Constitution, is commander

Of course; we all know that. What

"Well, the father says that Mr. Gresham

wen, the father says that Mr. Gresnam was the only man in our history who held three cabinet positions."
"Pshaw!" came in a chorus. "Why, there was William Wirt, who was Attorney General Company of the Company of the

was William Wirt, who was Attorney Gen-etal for three terms-two under Monroe and one under J. Q. Adams," exclaimed one lad. "Yes, and James Monroe, Secretary of State under Madison for two terms and Secretary of War for one term," cried an-

Gallatin was Secretary of State three

What's all this going on?" said another

Well, what of him?" said a small boy,

do well to book up before he starts in

iad. "He says that J. Q. Adams' was the only election thrown into the House of Representatives. If he had read the his-

was the only retiring President who re-entered public life through an elective of-fice. Why, he himself should be old enough

to remember that Andrew Johnson, after

eing President, was elected senator from

well, boys, came from a man who was following the group, "I read the article you have been speaking about, and, as I re-member, it wound up by saying there was considerably more of the kind. If so, judg-ing by your criticisms, the lad dld not gain

THE MAN FROM TEXAS.

His Vivid Picture of Conditions in

the Lone Star State.

He was registered from Texas, and the

otel reporter, being anxious to see a Tex-

"You are from Texas, I believe?" he said

"I beg your pardon?" responded the gen-

"I'm a reporter," hurriedly explained the

interviewer, somewhat abashed, "and would

be glad to have a little talk with you on

Texas matters. How are times down there?"

Texan. "I did not thoroughly comprehend

say that as far as my knowledge extends the times in my political division of the Union are notably salutary."

The reporter wondered if the clerk hadn't

"Oh, ah, I beg your pardon," said the

in his winning reportorial manner, as he

an fresh from his native heath, asked the

clerk to point him out, and at once pro-

veracious information."

And the group passed on.

ceeded to interview him.

tleman with a slight frown.

stood in front of him.

nade a mistake.

anessee." Well, boys," came from a man who was

"Well, rather," exclaimed still another

got him."

again.

times, John C. Calhoun twice and Secretary of War once," said a youngster who had

"Why, in last Saturday's Star there is

drill, one called to another:

High School boy?"

Ex-Secretary Sherman appears none the worse for having had his obituary published recently throughout the country. He moves about with his usual activity and appears to take as much interest in affairs of this world as if he had not recently had glimpses of another. Perhaps he is a little thinner and a little paler than to teach American history to his son a before but his possibilities of change in these respects were too slight to admit of a difference being accurately noted. He drives in his carriage more than formerly, did not come up from the Grammar School, but is apt to walk from place to place. but came in from the outside, in fact, was short distances, while the carriage follows | what Kipling calls a :Crammer's Pup." along. For some time, up to his illness, he was engaged in writing further upon the history of his time. With the return of his health he has lost more of his interest in books and old records. The other day he cams down F street, with his carriage following behind. His step was quick, and his impassive countenance showed no signs of impending physical breakdown. He looked much the same as he has during the past several years. He stopped to glance rapidly over a pile of old books exhibited in front of a second-hand book store and then went into the store to gather in old volumes. He is credited with still tak-ing an interest in politics, as well as in recording events of history, and with a disposition to take a hand in the Ohio mix-

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"The comment about Speaker Reed's necktie when he sailed for Europe," said a well-known shoe dealer of this city to a Star reporter, "brings to mind the size of shoe the Speaker wears. He has the narrowest foot for a man of his proportions I ever saw, and I do not believe there is another man in this country possessing the same kind of a foot. We have sold him a same kind of a foot. We have sold him a number of pairs and know something of his foot. His size is No. 11 A. This is a remarkably narrow foot for an ordinary size man. Our numbers are smaller than the usual shoe, and, measured in the gen eral acceptance of shoetom, the Speaker wears about a No. 10, not too long for a man of his size. Mr. Reed prefers a soft shoe, and we generally furnish him a kid."

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There is one soldier in the Philippines

who evidently enjoys fighting. Last July William C. Bryan of Company D, 1st Tennessee Regiment, then in San Francisco, was granted a discharge on his own application and nothing more was heard from him until a short time ago, when a letter was received from him at the War Department, sent from the Philippines, in which Bryan sent back his discharge papers, and asked permission to remain in the service and with his regiment until the fighting was over. It appears that he was sent to Ma-nila before his discharge reached him, and then he determined to remain in the service. This illustrates rather a slow method in which mails get through military channels, unless expedited. Bryan no doubt thought that his application for discharge had been refused, and went along with his regiment. and the papers did not catch up with him for some time.

There are two men in the adjutant general's department who have been comrades in one way or another for forty-three years. They are F. B. Heitman and Charles Smith. Smith enlisted in the 4th Artillery back in 1854, and Heitman joined the same regiment in 1856. These men served together in the Seminole war in Florida under General Harney. In 1857 Smith went to Kansas and was in the troubles in which old John Brown figured so prominently. He eral's department who have been comrades Then he was with the Utah expedition in the spring of 1858. In the winter of 1858 and the spring of 1850 he was in the Black Hills country of South Dakota. His regi-ment was ordered back to the east again in 1859, and he was stationed at Fort Monroe. Heitman had not been with that portion of the regiment during most of this time. When the civil war broke out Heitman went into the infantry and Smith remained with his regiment. In 1865 Smith was sent to Washington on some duty, and coming into the War Department he found Heitman installed as a clerk. He found out that he could get a clerkship and concluded to take it, and the two men have worked side by side ever since. They both agree that forty-three years is a long while for that forty-three years is a long while for men to be together

Charles Smith, when one talks with him, s found to be thoroughly German, and he laughingly tells the story of how the army people changed his name. He was Carl Schmidt when he enlisted in the army, and Schmidt when he enlisted in the army, and the first time he came to sign the rolls he found that his name was not there, as he understood it. The man in charge told him to sign it anyway, but he protested, and the case was taken to the commanding officer. Like all commanding officers, he insisted that the little difference between "Charles Smith" and "Carl Schmidt" should not cause any extra work for army officers, and declared then and there that the name having been changed it should so name having been changed it should stand. And so Mr. Smith was America stand. And so ar, Smith was American-ized in the regular army style. Mr. Heit-man is one of the best informed men in the War Department. He is a ready refer-ence volume for everything pertaining to war matters. Not only has he a splendid memory, but he has compiled several vol-umes of immense value to the army itself. His books are standard works of reference in the War Department.

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A returned traveler from Alaska has a

good story showing how easy it is for prospectors and other explorers to lose their way in that great territory. A party of miners floated down the Yukon river from Dawson to the mouth of Ray river. After two months' hard work they got their supplies up to the headwaters of the Ray river. They were bound north for the Koyukuk river. Supplies for two years, canoes, etc., were dragged beyond the sources of the Ray. Over a divide they found a stream going north, which they supposed would lead them to the Koyukuk Rafts were built and loaded, and they started down the supposed tributary of the Koyukuk. They gave little heed to the windings of the stream and direction it took, following it until it joined a very took, following it until it joined a very large stream. A few hours later the cap-

Overheard on the Steps of the Army and Navy Stores.



ommissionaire-"Uniforms? Top floor,

He Was the Only One Right. From Tit-Bits.

constrained to believe that our agronomic conditions are impeccable, and that predial profits are no less sure than they will be superlative. Indeed, I am profoundly impressed by the resultant efforts of every Triptolemus of Texas of whom it has been my fortuitous fate to have cognoscence that agriculture and its concatenated collateralities in our state is destined to wield a plenipotentiary puissance in politics as well as in all pragmatic and professional pursuits. I have predicated upon this—" a bell boy here announced that the gentle-

pursuits. I have predicated upon this—" a hell boy here announced that the gentleman was wanted at the telephone. "Pardon me a moment," he said, rising to go. "Certainly, certainly," said the reporter, and as the gentleman disappeared in the box, the reporter disappeared through the nearest street door. "Gee whiz," he exclaimed when he reached the open air, "what has ever happened to Texas? Wonder if Boston has slipped a cog and dropped down that way?"

A raw Scotch lad had joined the local volunteers, and on the first parade his sister came, together with his mother, to see them. When they were marching past Jock was out of step. "Look, mither," said his sister, "they're a' of 'em oot o' step but cor Jock."

ANOTHER IDOL SHATTERED VISIONS . OF GREATNESS HOW SOME MEN PROPOSE "Remarkable institutions, these cooking

schools, aren't they?" said the man who

The other men at his table smiled know "Pass it up," said one of them. "Never been up against a graduate of one. Not

talks in the lunch room.

hankering, either, to--"Yes, siree, they certainly are extraordinary outfits," interrupted the garrulous man. "Had an experience with a dinner a la cooking school yesterday evening. Well, say, of all the --"

"Don't go into details, old man," said one of the party. "Give us a chance to eat without such a handicap as a description of a cooking school feed's bound to be. Don't inflict any unnecessary suffering on

"First time I had ever been dragged up to a cooking school dinner myseif," went on the talkative man, ignoring his friend's Showing That Even a Wise Father pleading. "But I'd heard enough about them to be shy. Happened this way: Monday afternoon, as the High School Cadets were straggling homeward from the "My wife's younger sister—mighty pretty girl, at that—came on here from Philadelphia on a visit yesterday morning. As luck "Say, Tom, did you see that article in

would have it, our cook's thirty-third cousin, or something, got sick the night before and the cook sent us word that she ouldn't possibly report for duty yesterday morning. My wife got the breakfast yes-terday morning-pretty fair cook, my wife, when she has to meet an emergency-but she had a long face at the meal over the lack of a cook to get the dinner. "'Of course I can get the dinner myself,' she said, 'but it's so provoking to have

Right here her sister chimed in. an article which represents a father trying "Please let me get the dinner today,' she said. I know how to get a dinner. I've to show that his son, a High School boy, is ignorant of American history, when, in

she said. I know how to get a dinner. I've been to cooking school all winter.'
"My wife looked at me out of the s'ants of her eyes, and I looked at her the same way. Neither of us wanted to say anything to wound the girl's feelings, and yet Well, I didn't read The Star, so what is the prospect was something black.

"'Maybe I can get some colored girl in the neighborhood to come around,' parried well as your books, and keep posted. How-ever, a father is asking some questions in American history which the boy cannot

answer, and his father proceeds to enlighten him. The boy says that Washington was a private citizen when he diel; 'Oh, but don't do that,' insisted her sister. I really can cook, you know. I took the full course. Just let me get the dinner today, please."

my wife.

"Well, there was nothing for it. My wife agreed with what grace she could muster, and I just bent over my plate and said nothing. But I kept up a hard thinking. I'd heard about these here cooking schools, and lumpy bread, and watery soup, and a'l that. and a'l that.

"My wife, when she came out into the any wire, when she came out into the vestibule to bid me good-bye before I started for the office, whispered to me that it couldn't be helped—that she didn't want to make her sister fell bad by turning her suggestion down—and told me that I'd only have to endure it once, for she'd have a cook by night suge cook by night, sure.
"'Anyway, you need not eat much,' she

said. You can just pretend to eat, and then you can slip out down town after dinner and get something you like to eat a restaurant.'
'Well, sirs, the thought of that cooking

of War once," said a youngster who had caught up with the procession.

"Yes, I know," said the first speaker,
"and there are Levi Woodbury, J. MeHenry, Lewis Cass, Jos. Habersham, Gideon Granger, but not any one of these neld
three different offices. Maybe that is what
the father meant, though he did not say
so." "Well, sirs, the thought of that cooking school dinner preyed on me all day yesterday so that I couldn't work. I told myself repeatedly that I was too derned good-natured thus to offer myself as a human sacrifice on the altar of a cooking school dinner, and as the hour for knocking off work at the office drew nigh, and along with it the dinner hour at home, I thought strongly of just bolting for it and thought strongly of just bolting for it and not showing up at home at all until after dark, when I figured the remains of that "What's all this going on?" said another lad who had caught up with the loitering boys as they discussed the matter.

"Well, I should say so," he exclaimed, as he understood the matter. "What about Timothy Pickering of Massachusetts?"

"That's so," exclaimed several. "We forgot him." awful dinner ud be cleared away. I didn't want to make the young woman feel bad, though, and so I gathered all my nerve and pranced up home, prepared to do or die. Well, fellows, you can say what you please about your experiences, but I want to tell you right now-"

"Well, what of him?" said a small boy.

"Why, only this. He was Postmaster
General, Secretary of the Navy, Secretary
of War and Secretary of State under Washington and Secretary of State under John
Adams—five offices, four of them different
from one another, and all four under the
same President. I think that fatner would
do well to book up before he starts in "Don't." interrupted one of his friends.
"Just leave it to our imaginations. Don't throw us any essay upon sogginess, or that sort of thing. Suppose you wound up by kicking the table over, hey?"

"You can say what you like about your experiences and the great feeds you've had," pursued the narrator, "but it would just have made your mouths water even to look at that dinner. Never enjoyed any meal so much in my life. Absolutely permeal so much in my life. Absolutely per-fect, the whole thing. In the first place, that young woman knew how to garnish dishes and how to dress a table—big bunches of illacs and wild flowers scattered around, and —well, you ought to have tasted that cream of celery soup! It was enough to make old Sam Ward come back in the spirit. Took Sam Ward come back in the spirit sam ward come back in the spirit. Took three plates of it, and hollered for more. Then a chicken pot ple—say, you fellows know what chicken pot pie dough generally is—heavy as sinkers, and yallery and tough? Well, say, it's a wonder this dough didn't float right up in the air, it was so light. Gravy full of little snips of green parsley, and fluffy biscuits, lighter'n a feather, baked tomatoes like your mother never heard of, much less cooked, asparagus with cream dressing that would see your grays rotate cromettes such as a you crazy, potato croquettes such as a fellow only dreams about and never ex-pects to actually eat, corn fritters as crisp pects to actuary eat, corn fritters as crisp as new hundred-dollar bills, and, finally, just before the black coffee that was in itself enough to bind a man forever to his home and fireside, a lemon meringue ple, about three inches thick, that tasted of lemons, the bottom crust just as fluffy as the top one, and—"

He was here interrupted by cries of de-rision and contemptuous disbellef. But his interruptors all looked as if their "teeth were leaking," nevertheless. He stuck to his story stoutly.
"Say," finally inquired one of the doubt-ers, "how long is your sister-in-law going to be in town?"

"Couple weeks," was the reply. "Well, the only way to prove this pipe story of yours is to ask her to cook next

Sunday's dinner and invite the whole bunch of us up," said one of the narrator's friends, with a wolfish expression in his eye, and the way they all jumped at the invitation when it was extended was some-thing remarkable for its unanimity.

## From Good Words.

He is undoubtedly the one great states-Texan. "I did not thoroughly comprehend the purpose of your approaching me, and being somewhat apprehensive of strangers, I felt a natural hesitancy, don't you know, in greeting you with that bonhomie, not to say camaradieri, so characteristic, I believe of the gentlemen of your profession. Now that I am apprised of your identity I shall be pleased to communicate any information I may possess, and in response to your eminently pertinent inquiry I may say that as far as my knowledge extends man South Africa possesses. His is a herole figure, although the heroism is not unmixed. He is a great admirer of the first Napoleon, as his library shows, and there is a certain affinity between the two men. for Mr. Rhodes is a man of vast imperial designs, and he is imperious in his determination that these designs shall be realized. He will not have his great schemes hindered; obstacles must therefore be removed whatever the cost, whether by force or by 'squaring" the opposition. But his enthu-"Business. I presume," he said, "is good?"
"The commercial industries of Texas,"
esponded the gentleman, "exhibit a most
neouraging absence of those phlegmatic
ounditions which certain individuals, who
are prone to look upon the Tartarcan side
of every ently, have persisted in prophesysiasm is wholly unselfish. He is an Afrikander of the Afrikanders in his passionate desire for the development of Africa. Instead of taking his enormous wealth out of the country and setting up some gilttering of every entity, have persisted in prophesying would necessarily follow certain political coalescences with capitalistic combinations, which it is not exigent at present to designate or discuss. It is sufficient to say that the calamitous climacteric which they were so bombilatious in fulminating, has signally failed of eventuation in my own or any contiguous communities."

"I am glad to hear it," gasped the reporter. "How are the crops?"

"As the duties of my vocation are rather subregulaneous than extraforaneous," answered the gentleman from Texas, with cautious discretion, "possibly I am not entirely competent to become conclusively respondent to your indagations in that direction. However, from the presentments of responsible and reliable delators I am constrained to believe that our agronomic conditions are impeccable, and that predial profits are no best subret. palace in Park lane, he spends his fortune in furthering the interests of his adopted untry.

Money as such he does not seem to care for. Vast undertakings are maintained at his sole cost for the planting of the country with trees and for improving the breed of horses. His generosity is proverbial, and it is displayed not merely in alding men and causes with money, but in the conti-dence he places in people. I noticed that dence he places in people. I noticed that in his house everything was left open, even the cabinets which contained invaluable relics, although the rooms were filled with tradesmen and open to any visitor who chose to enter. Even his horses were trusted, for I could detect no fence between the park in which they were grazing and the masses of glorious hydrangeas in his masses of glorious hydrangeas in his flower garden. He has doubtless done things that his greatest admirers regret notably his connection with the raid—but in spite of all he is one of the most ro-mantic and strongest personalities of our time.

## Making the Most of It. From the Hull Times.

In Hull recently a little girl was invited to a party at a friend's house. After tea different games were engaged in until it was time to go home. As the guests were leaving the hostess offered the little girl a

"No, thank you, ma'am," said the girl; "I could not eat any more." The hostess then told her to put it in her pocket. "I can't," replied the mite, "it's full already; but the next time I come I will bring a basket."

The May Dance.

From the Chicago Record. "Dear me; when I was a girl this time o' year I used to dance around a Maypole." "Well?"
"And now I have to dance up and down a

dent of mine on two continents died the other day in Philadelphia in an insane asylum," said a well-known young Washington physician. "He was afflicted with that peculiar form of insanity that we call, for want of a better name, 'delirium of grand-eur.' His was a remarkable and an extremely sad case. He was a lad of commanding ability. He graduated B. A. at the top of his class when he was only seventeen years old at the leading university of our state. He passed all of us as if we were standing still. He was through the medical branch of the University of Pennsylvania, an honor man, when he was twenty, and went on to Vienna. I, starting in on even terms with him, was always a couple of years behind him, and did not get to Vienna unti! he had been there for two years. His work had already attracted attention there, and the lecturers followed his experiments closely. He was a quiet chap and took no part in our little cafe dissipations. He was all study and no fun. A few months after I reached Vienna—we were room-mates from the day of my arrival there—he became interested in the study of majoria and ran down to Borne study of malaria, and ran down to Rome to become infected, so that he could study it at first hand. He took rooms out on the Campagna, and had no trouble in becoming infected. His experiments on that occasion won him wide recognition, although he was but a student. I only mention this to show what a determined fellow he was, and to indicate how valuable a man he would have become had his wits not become clouded. He came back from Rome all clouded. He came back from Rome, all over his voluntarily acquired malaria, and in good shape. Then he went to Paris to take a special course during the vacation. He only intended to stay in Paris a couple of months. Two weeks after he got there I received one morning a letter from him

that read something like this:
"'Dear —: Immediately upon your receipt
of this I want you to take train and come to me here in Paris. I will tell you at once in confidence (though I would advise you to say nothing about it before starting) that I have seen the president in your interest and that he has promised me that he will appoint you surgeon general of the French army as soon as you report here. You may wonder why I have not secured the place for my cousin George, but his lack of knowledge of the French tongue seems to me to disqualify him and at any rate. I me to disqualify him, and, at any rate, I have already exercised my influence to have him made surgeon general of the United States army. It is important that you come states army. It is important that you chine at once, for I may not be able to hold the position open for you for more than a week, notwithstanding the affection with which I am regarded by M. Cranot. Pardon me for suggesting that if you find your means for the journey limited you are at perfect liberty to draw upon me to any amount at the Rothschilds' or at the Anglo-Austrian Bank in Vienna. I repeat, it is necessary for you to come on at once. I remain,' etc.,

"It was not necessary for him to insist "It was not necessary for him to insist so often that my presence was at once necessary. I knew that this letter was not a joke. My friend was a very serious-minded young fellow, and never joked. I was at the time making a specialty of nervous disorders, and I perceived at once that my friend was in trouble. I showed the letter at once to a couple of other chums from my state. They did not know the writer of the letter quite so intimately as writer of the letter quite so intimately as I did, and they were positive that it was a joke. When I told them that I was off for Paris at once they guyed me a good leal over my apparent eagerness for that surgeon generalship of the French army I could not induce them to believe that there was anything really wrong with our friend. "I drove to my friend's address imme-

diately upon my arrival there. It was after 9 at night. The old concierge's French was a trifle beyond me, and I did not therefore pay much attention to what she said, not thinking that she was giving me a warning. I went up to my friend's room and found the door partly open. I pushed it wide open and found him stand-ing guard at the fireplace with a poker Thus he had been standing all day, I after gone. He was very serious about it, and said we should go at once to see M. Carnot and have the commission made out immeand have the commission made out immediately. I gently suggested that it was late, and that I had to seek a hotel, anyhow. He agreed to postpone the visit to the president until morning. After awhile I slipped away, telling him that I would be back in an hour, and I drove straight to the house of Dr. Charcot. I told the mineral old man about my fixed to the house where they now live. She admired it. eminent old man about my friend's case, and it interested him. He requested me to bring my friend to him the next morning. I went back to the poor chap's rooms and spent the night with him. He was all right, except on the subject of his immense influence with the great people of the world, and especially of France. I got him into a cab the next morning. He thought we were to drive straight to the president's palace. Instead, I gave the driver directions to proceed to Dr. Char-cot's residence. The old medical prince was waiting for us, with a couple of strong men on hand. My friend reproved me for trapping him, but calmed down. Charcot told me quietly that my friend was insane from overstudy; chances of told me quiety that my friend was insane from overstudy; chances of recovery silm. I cabled to America for my friend's brother, and then Charcot helped me to get the unfortunate into a Paris sanitorium for the time being. I stayed in Paris until the brother came, and then went back to Vienna

"Two years later, upon my return to this country, I heard that the mind of my friend had returned to him, and that he was practicing medicine in our native town. I went to see him. He was all right. The fact to see him. He was all right. The fact that he was not doing very well in his practice preyed upon him a good deal, however. Nobody in the town knew that he ever. had ever been insane, and I of course said nothing, thinking him entirely right. "Six months later, after I had settled down to practice here, I heard that my friend had attacked his little darkey office boy with a poker, almost killing him knew that that was about his finish, went down home and found him raying.

told the lunacy commission what I knew, and he was adjudged insane. By that time he had become calm. ne nad become cam.

"Gentlemen,' he said to the three country justices of the peace who constituted the lunacy court, 'I believe myself that I am not entirely right or responsible, but that I should be adjudged insane by three

such specimens—this is too funny,' and he laughed in their faces.
"His brother and a big policeman took him to the asylum in Philadelphia. He was quite calm and collected, and he was permitted to carry with him a big walking stick that he had got in Hungary, and that he particularly prized. As the train drew into the suburb of Philadelphia he talked fondly of his old student days there. He was quite self-contained, and when the train pulled up in the station he stood aside at the car door to let his brother and the policeman precede him. They did this unwittingly. The brother stepped down first, and then the policeman. The policeman had his foot on the bottom step when he got a crack on the head with th of the Hungarian walking stick that knocked him unconscious, and would have killed him had it not been for his helmet The unfortunate was secured and taken to the asylum, where he imagined himself t be a porcelain kettle filled with gold until he died."

A Dissertation on Cookery.



"Oh, here's a nasty little black thing in my apple pie!"
"You are a little silly, baby. That's clove, and cook puts it in on purpose." "What for?"
"What for! Why-er-to-er-to keep the moths out, of course!"

"A townsman, boy friend and fellow-stu-"No," said the sweet thing in the Valenciennes-lace-trimmed dimity dress, "I really wouldn't care to have him 'fall to his knees, and 'exclaim in a tone of passionate entreaty,' 'Give me but a single ray of hope!' I think that would be absurd beyond all things. I am sure I should feel like laughing in a young man's face if he did any of these ridiculous things. Yet I think even the old-fashioned, high-falutin', mylife-would-be-a-blank-without-you way of proposing mentioned in Miss Austen's bread-and-treacle stories would be better than the dreadfully slangy, matter-of-fact way young men have of proposing nowadays, according to what a lot of married girls tell me. Only yesterday one of them told me how her husband asked her. They had been going together for six months. One afternoon last October they were walk-ing on F street together. She bowed to a young man she knew.
"'Awfully nice looking, isn't he?' she asked Jack, who is now her husband.

"'Fair-looking duck,' said Jack. 'But who's I-double-tee, It,' anyhow? Don't I

cut in at all?" "She really didn't know what he meant. "'Well,' went on Jack, 'you're always telling me what a good looker that geezer is. Now, is he the whole thing, and am I an "also ran," or do I win? I just pass it up to you, you know."
"She didn't understand him this time, either, and I don't wonder.
"You're side-stepping and don't want to

understand, went on Jack. 'All right. Can you fix it for about three months from date? That's plain enough, isn't it?'

"It wasn't, though,
"It wasn't, though,
"Fix what?" she asked him.
"The day and the hour, said Jack. To
get doubled up, you know."
"Well, of course he makes her a good husband, but just fancy being proposed to in that dreadful way!

"You know my married cousin up on the Hill? Well, Jim just 'worked a bluff'— Hill? Well, Jim just 'worked a bluff'— that's the horrid way he puts it—when he proposed to her. He'd been calling pretty regularly, and one night he showed up looking as chipper as a lark.

"'Well, I'm off in a few days,' he said to

her. 'Nothing in the government service, anyhow. Going to resign my job in a couple of days and strike out for Oklahoma to grow up with the weeds.'
"She couldn't help but show that she was

sorry, of course. ''I am sorry you're going,' she said. She's a remarkably serious-minded girl, you know.

"'Yes, you are,' he said, satirically.
"'Really, I am,' she said.
"'Say,' he said then, 'If I thought you were on the level—I mean really sorry, you

know, why-er-I wouldn't go, you know."
"Why do you wish to leave so beautiful
a city as Washington?" she asked him. 'Surely, you don't expect to find a prettier "Well, of course, this gave him a chance

to say that he was only staying in Washington on her account, but that as long as she didn't seem to care, etc., etc. "Another girl told me that the sheer impudence with which her husband proposed to her was simply captivating. It was just about this time last spring, and they were walking through Lafayette

Square. "Trees and flowers look nice, don't they?" he said to her, in an off-hand sort of way. 'Swell season in Washington, spring, isn't it? We won't be a thing but married when the lilacs show up next spring, will we?"
"Did you ever hear of such assurance?
"I heard of another bit of brazen impu-

dence just like that. She told me about it herself. He came up in the evening and sat on the front steps with her.
"'Got promoted to \$1,400 today,' he said, and then he deliberately pulled out a piece of paper with a lot of figures on it.

"Did a little figuring on a pad this afternoon," he said. "The thing ought to go through easy. Listen: House rent, about

\$35 or \$40 a month; servant, \$15 a month;

gas and fuel--.
"Mind you, he hadn't ever said a word to Thus he had been standing all day, I afterward heard. He dropped the poker and shook hands cordially with me, however, and appeared perfectly rational, asking me all about the boys in Vienna, and so on. I got him on the subject of the surgeon generalship, and at once I saw that he was Columbia Heights, and what a quiet, bashful man her husband is? I often wondered how he ever mustered enough courage to ask her, and you know they did go together

> 'I'm buying it,' he said. 'Got it all fur-"It was the very first she knew of it, and of course she had to ask him if he meditated starting a boarding house. That made it comparatively easy for him, although she said that she thought he'd have a

> stroke, even then, before he got it out.
> "Well, they all appear to be as happy as
> can be, but I do think that I'd like to have just a teeny bit more of sentiment in a case of that kind. I don't think there's half enough sentiment in the world, as it is."

## AN ORDINARY VOCABULARY. A Man Can Converse With as Low as 500 Words.

From the New York Times. Some one has asked what is meant by the statement "that an ordinary man can fun of me!" converse with a vocabulary of only 500 different words." The Fortnightly Review some nine years ago said that "the number of words in use among the Russian peasantry did not exceed from one to two hundred." This statement we should deem incorrect. However, we have an authority who writes that "a Russian peasant is verbose when he has a vocabulary of from 300 to 400 words."

300 to 400 words.

It has been stated over and over again that in English there are 250,000 words, and the philologer adds that this large number is the accumulation of many centuries, and that nothing like that number could "have been kept except through the influence of literature." Now, it is highly possible that the English words, by an adoptive process and natural causes, will not diminish, but increase. Are we to include in these 250,000 words dialectic English? Somebody asks, "Does anybody know all these 250,000 words?" Shake-speare's count of words shows 15,000, and of these 500 or 600 are obsolete. A Chinaman, so we are told, passes a brilliant examination when he is the possessor of 9,000 words

If in New York you can use with discrimination 4,000 words you are exceedingly well to do in your lingual possessions. That exceedingly sound authority Skeat said when confining himself to primary words he tackled some 13,500. He found there were 4,000 of Teutonic origin, 5,000 French, 2,700 Latin, 400 Greek and 250 of Celtic and other sources. "If, therefore, we confined our attention to that portion of English which is Teutonic, we find that "If, therefore English proper consists of 4,000 independent words."
Milton, we may remark, was satisfied with

8,000 words. Nevertheless, if we have a dictionary fitted for the requirements of today, it must have in it every English word sanctioned by usage, past or present. It would never do for the modern dictionary maker to follow Dr. Johnson, who wrote: "I could not visit caverns the learn the miners' language, nor take a voyage to perfect my skill in the dialect of navigation, nor visit the warehouses of merchants and the shops of artificers to gain the names of wares, tools and operations of which no mention is found in books." What which no mention is found in books. What could Johnson know about steam and its many applications? Take the one topic electricity. A half century ago the whole extent of the subject might have been covered in a dictionary by three or four words and their definitions.

and their definitions.

A vocabulary might be called a personal idiosyncrasy, which in cultured persons varies with the individual. The superior intelligence is shown in the selection of the words used and in the nicety of handling

Stutters Only When Talking. From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A remarkable case of stuttering was received for treatment at the Chicago School of Psychology recently. The applicant for a cure came in and had an interview with the medical director, Dr. Herbert A. Parkyn. The latter questioned him as follows:

"Have you stammered a long time?"
"Yu-yu-yu-yes, sir."
"Has it affected your general health?"
"Nun-nun-nun-no, sir."
"Does it make you nervous?" 'Nun-nun-not vuv-vuv-very." "Do you stammer all the time?"
"Nun-nun-nun-no, sir: only whu-whu-whu-when I t-t-t-talk, sir."

BY PHILANDER JOHNSON:

An Immune. Trouble searchin' far an' wide, But I's hid all right; Dreamin' by de river side Waitin' for a bite. Ef de fish don' swim dis way,

Come agin some yuthuh day An' dream an' fish some mo'. Fact'ry blow de whistle shrill, Section boss he yell, Of mule gallop up de hill

'Tain' no hahm, yoh know.

An' injine ring de bell. Let 'em keep dem boist'ous ways If it's dey all's wish; Ain' got time to hyur 'em 'case I's tendin' to de fish.

Big fish eat de minny up, Ain' no doubt o' dat; Bull dog lick de yaller pup, Pup he chase de cat. Trouble searchin' far an' wide, But I's hid all right Dreamin' by de river side Waitin' for a bite.

Sympathy.

The bald-headed gentleman sat with his back to the door and could not see the anxlety depicted on the face of his wife, who stood looking at him. He had recently been engaged in an unsuccessful political campaign and had kept so quiet about his disappointment that she felt sure he was nursing a secret sorrow; a sorrow which would destroy the bloom of his existence as the insect hidden beneath smiling petals destroys the beauty of the rose. That's how she thought about him, even if he was getting a trifle stout and asthmatic. She stood aghast when he arose and waved the paper wildly above his head and then sat down to read another paragraph.
"Poor fellow," she exclaimed, under her breath; "how he has kept it to himself all

He made another gesture. It was the gesture of a man in wild despair.



stood and squeezed her hands together in sympathetic agony.
"How he suffers in silence!" she exclaim-"If he would only tell me his troubles." He arose to his feet and walked back and

forth, flinging his arms to and fro abstractwill compel him to accept my and assistance," she exclaimed. "It is no-ble of him to seek to spare me the details of his sorrow. He fears perhaps that I might reproach him, for it was I who. knowing his worth, stimulated his ambition. And it shall be I to whom he may turn for solace and assurance in his hour of disappointment. I will speak to him." She advanced and in trembling accents call-

ed his name.
"What is it?" he asked, sharply. "You are in trouble, aren't you, dear?"
"Of course, I'm in trouble," he answered. "It does seem that a man was put on this earth for no purpose whatever except to

be pursued and tormented and exasperated to the extreme limit of his endurance."
"It's too bad," she said, gently laying her hand on his arm. "It's unjust that you should be hectored in this manner. You wouldn't hurt a fly." "Madam, don't you stand there making

"Don't you try any jokes with me. You know just as well as I do that the reason I wouldn't hurt a fly is that I haven't been able to catch him." able to catch him.

## Not Resentful.

"I don't see how they dare take such liberties," said the young man. "The familiarity with which the public men of this country are treated is something scandalous."

"I dunno's I exactly follow you, ma'am," said Senator Sorghum. "Why, they call eminent men by their

first names so frequently! And sometimes they even use nicknames!" "Oh," was the complacent rejoinder 'that's all right."

"Ah, yes," she proceeded, raising her eyes to his with a look of confiding admiration; "I should expect you to say that. You are too proud and broad-minded to admit that you have been annoyed in any such manner. You are one of the most frequent victims of these ruthless people."

"What did they call me?" he asked, a little anxiously.

"They referred to you as Sim Sorghum."
"Well, that's my name, ain't it?"
"Not your full name." "You didn't find anybody calling me by my full name, did you?"

"Well, then, it's all right. When I was a Well, then, it's all right. When I was a boy, and things were going along about the house steady and comfortable as usual, father and mother always called me 'Sim.' I knew then that if I had been doing anything wrong nobody had found it out, so I could go ahead with a clear conscience. Just plain 'Sim' meant that I was on good with most people, and that there wasn't anything startling going to occur.

But when father said, in that dark Prussian blue voice that he used to put on when he meant business, 'Simeon Plutarch Sor-ghum, I desire a few words in private with you,' that showed that I was up to trouble you, that showed that I was up to trouble, and that I would have to show cause why I shouldn't be chastised. And whenever mother had any disagreeable responsibility to put on my shoulders, like looking after the other children or doing some work that was too much for anybody else, she would call me Simon Pluisch Services. call me 'Simeon Plutarch Sorghum,' so as call me Simeon Plutarch Sorghum, so as to show that this was strictly business. I have watched the careers of many colleagues, and I have observed that in this respect the public is very much like parents. So long as they call me 'Sim' I can drift along and take things easy. But when they begin to refer to me as 'Mr. Simeon Plutarch Sorghum' I'll know that it's time for me to look mighty charge. it's time for me to look mighty sharp and not get out of my depth."

A Controversial Triumph.

"Every once in a while," remarked Mr. Blykins, "I come across the statement that the stage is the mirror of human life." "Yes," answered his wife: "that's a vers



and—"There you go! All the world ain't a stage. Who said so? Shakespeare! What does Shakespeare know about it." Shakespeare was in the show business himself. and, like a great many other members of that profession, he took it for granted that there wasn't anything else on earth worth mentioning." Mrs. Blykins left the scene, but Mr. Bly-

kins' e'der unmarried sister, who was pay-ing him a visit, exclaimed in intense disapproval: "William Blykins, I am ashamed of you, The idea of setting yourself up to know more about whether the world is a stage or not than William Shakespeare!" "So you think all the world's a stage, too, do you? Shakespeare was talking about another stage than what we're used

to, anyhow." "It doesn't make the slightest difference, Human nature is the same through all gen-

erations."
"Oh, it is! Well, how would you like it "Oh, it is! Well, how would you like it if Mrs. Blykins, by way of enlivening the domestic scene here this evening, were to slip up behind me and hit me a resounding thump with a slapstick?"

"Why, William Blykins:"

"And then, by way of carrying out the gentle pleasantry, I would turn in and smash your bonnet all out of shape with some sort of an inflated bag."

"You just dare—"

"You just dare-"
"And when the new girl that you hired comes I'll chuck her u chin and tell her she's a dear, and then give her half a dollar not to say anything about it to my wife."

She gasped and tried in vain to articulate "And then you go out on the corner and say," I was to meet a friend here. While I am waiting for her I will sing a little song." Then you warble about all coons looking alike to you and do a cake walk, after which you turn a few handsprings and—"

There was a swish of skirts and a slam.

There was a swish of skirts and a slam of the door. Mr. Blykins slid down so that his chin was on his chest and his shoulders in the seat of the chair, and, gazing at the place where his sister had been, excludmed: "Huh! All the world's a stage, is it?"

Man's Ingratitude. They sing of the birds upon branch and bough

Who gaily twitter, a useless throng; Whose sole distinction is knowing how To warble a constant and idle song; Oh, man's injustice! How oft we've heard The cruelty of your careless stab! You weave long lays to the merry bird,

But nobody sings of the soft-shelled crab, The soft-shelled crab so serenely sweetl It doesn't sing, but it's good to eat. Tis succulent opalescent slab, Yet nobody sings of the soft-shelled

crab.

They rayme of the dancing butterflies Who idly wander from bloom to bloom; They tell of the wondrous tints that rise On wings that dally mid sweet perfume But the butterfly is an idle beast,

A shallow creature; a tawdry sham; Yet the odes to him are each year increased And nobody sings of the Quohog clam.

The Quohog clam in his modest shell,

Who waits for the chowder he fits so well. Where hungry people with joy salaam-Nobody sings of the Quohog clam.

Their Names.

From Judge. Col. Corkright-"What do you call that span of mules you traded for the other day,

Uncle Slewfoot," Uncle Slewfoot, "Sin an' Misery, sah. It's a sin to whip 'em all de time, an' it's a misery to try to drive 'em widout, sah." \*\*\*

An old Dutch lady at the Cape has lost three husbands, and is just going to marry a fourth. When she was being congratulated on the happy event the other day, she

said, deprecatingly:
"Oh, the weddings are very well; but what I object to are the funerals."-Tit-Bits.



TEXAS NEWS.

When Blizzard Bill and Alkali Ike quarreled Mr. Tenderfoot happened to be within earshot of the disputants.-Extract from Daily Kayuse.